

THE CHURCH SOCIAL

HOW TO MAKE IT ATTRACTIVE AND SUCCESSFUL.

It Involves Much Labor, But the End Usually Justifies the Means—The Thing That Attracts the Male Sex—Recreation of Several Kinds.

"It is a shame," says a well known church woman, "to think that people must be fed in order to get together for a social evening, but, if you don't do it, you might just as well close your church doors except for Sunday service." This sentiment is voiced by many others, the general impression being that a man, no matter what his degree of poverty, or religious persuasion, is pretty sure to stay away from a church social unless he can be lured there by the prospect of a square meal. This part of the business is always managed by the ladies' society connected with the church, and involves a tremendous amount of labor. The end usually justifies the means, however, as all the provisions being contributed by the parishioners, every cent of the proceeds is clear profit.

A church entertainment which shall attain its primary object of promoting sociability between old and young, and at the same time prove a financial success, is a problem which grows more and more difficult of solution every year. In the first place, there must be a supper. This is just as important a part of such an entertainment as it is of a children's party.

Solid suppers, chafing-dish suppers, turkey, chicken-pie, or oyster suppers are always well patronized, for each housewife is always called upon for her particular specialty in the way of cookery, and one of these delicious meals at 25 cents a head couldn't be duplicated at a first-class restaurant for less than a dollar.

The literary part of the program is generally managed by the young people's society, and experienced church workers will say that it is much more successful if the young folks are put on their mettle, so to speak, with no interference or overlooking on the part of their elders. For fairs or large entertainments, nothing is so popular just now as to employ a palmist. This science has made such headway within the past few years that even the small places have one or two professionals whose services can be engaged at five dollars for an afternoon and evening, or three dollars for the evening alone. The palmist is provided with a sort of mystical bower, where she gives five-minute interviews at twenty-five cents a head, and a fluent tact can impart enough information to her credulous listener, in that length of time, to provide thinking matter for a month.

Then there are short farces, banjo concerts, candy pulls—which latter amusement in these latter days must include the making of a kettle of fudge, tableaux, spelling matches, and almost every novelty which a vivid imagination can possibly suggest. The fishing banks have proved quite popular in some churches. Two young men, dressed in approved sailor costume, preside over the "banks," which are made of improvised scenery representing the edge of a stream. Fish poles are provided, and the audience are invited to pay five cents each to try their luck. The lines seemingly fall into the water, but really drop back of the scenes, where an assistant attaches anything from a dried herring to a package of chewing gum, to be drawn up by the expectant angler. This gives a couple of hours of solid fun, besides netting a neat little sum, and the evening can be wound up with an impromptu concert. A unique entertainment was given recently by the sewing society of a small Universalist branch church, the 39 members pledging themselves to earn a dollar each for supplies, taking two months for the undertaking. At the expiration of the time, an experience meeting was to be held, at which they were to relate in rhyme the methods employed to raise the amount, though the strain of composing a poem proved too great for about half of the members, who basely invented all manner of subterfuges to evade that part of their contract, the others came bravely to the front, with some racy poetic efforts which displayed a hitherto unsuspected talent. The gem of the collection was a song with a jingle refrain, composed and set to music by three of the members, who tunelessly set forth their combined experiences in a manner which brought down the house. Ten cents admission was charged, the vestry being packed with admiring friends of the poetesses, and the evening closed by serving ice cream and cake at fifteen cents a plate.

Old folks' concert, at which the performers appear in costumes of "ye olden time," and a carnival of Dickens characters are usually popular. Mother Goose parties always take, as the field afforded by these nursery rhymes gives unbounded scope for merry making. A church worker gives a graphic account of one of these affairs where the hit of the evening was made by Mary and her little lamb. A poor young man, dressed in girl's clothes as a country maid, ably carried off the part of Mary, while her lamb was reluctantly impersonated by his devoted bull terrier, sewed up in white woolly cloth, and wearing a blue satin stock collar surmounted by an enormous bow of ribbon.

Several years ago there was a series of entertainments laid out by a Baptist church, and a committee of one young man and one young woman was appointed to have charge of each one. Each couple was given full power to carry out details, and the forthcoming performance, in every case, was to be kept a dead secret until it was given. Naturally the different committees were all striving to outdo the others in the way of novelty, and one of the affairs caused quite a commotion. The first number on the program consisted of Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," which was rendered in an eminently proper manner, but the performance closed with a series of three comic tableaux, and one of the committee, who carried on a drug store, conceived the brilliant idea of embellishing those tableaux with red fire, as a sort of grand finale. The innovation was received with great enthusiasm by the majority of the audience.

Heurich's beer is the purest in the market, as can be tested in the Extra Pale Lager bottled by the Arlington Bottling Co., 27th and K streets

GOLD IN JAPAN.

Old Diggers Say There is a Regular Klondike There.

Gold is now being found in large quantities at Hokkaido, in the province of Kitami in Japan. A territory embracing six hundred and fifty square miles, the central point of which is Mount Horo-Noboru, is being worked and with such splendid results that old diggers have styled it the Japanese Klondike. Almost all the gold is found in little pools and streams, which have their source in Mount Horo-Noboru.

Until recently there was only a small village in this district, the inhabitants of which numbered about four hundred, whereas to-day there is a flourishing city with a population of more than eight thousand. As to the exact yield of gold up to the present it is not easy to obtain reliable for the reason that the diggers are very reticent on the subject evidently fearing that if their good fortune becomes generally known, a host of adventurers will flock to Hokkaido from all parts of the world. It is certain, however, that one company, which has been buying gold from the diggers has exported nine hundred kilograms of the pure metal within the past nine months.

The gold is obtained in the most primitive manner and much more easily than is the case in other well known gold fields. The climatic conditions at Hokkaido are also exceptionally favorable for this work. The right to search for gold can be purchased from the government for a small sum, yet it is said that many of the present diggers have paid nothing and that the ten policemen who are empowered to sell concessions find it impossible to collect a cent from many of those who are daily gathering up gold from the beds of the small pools and streams.—N. Y. Herald.

EARTH IS GROWING.

Gains Weight at the Rate of Five Hundred Tons a Year.

The earth is growing heavier at the average rate of 500 tons a year. The meteors or shooting or falling stars (of which now and again such brilliant displays rejoice the careful watchers) in passing through the earth's atmosphere are burnt up and fall on to the earth's surface, occasionally in a heavy mass, but most usually in small meteoric dust. Prof. Nordenskjöld, from his great experience, estimated that, from the cause named, 500 tons fall uniformly and steadily over the whole globe in each year, and the observations of Russian scientists yield a similar result. These meteoric streams says another astronomer, are really small planetary bodies, revolving around the sun in fixed orbits by the force of gravity. The earth revolves on its axis at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour, and speeds through space in its orbit around the sun at the rate of 1,000 miles every minute, and in August and November plunges into the very midst of the meteoric stream going in the opposite direction. The rapidity with which they enter our atmosphere, and the friction thus generated, are so enormous that they are set fire to, the smaller ones being consumed and falling in dust, while the larger ones occasionally reach the earth in the shape of meteoric stone or iron.

Cure for "That Tired Feeling."

"That tired feeling" may be combated by proper exercise, wholesome food, pure air, pure water, pure thoughts; then will the temple of the soul be a fit dwelling place. Learn to economize your vitality. Snatch a few moments here and there for rest, either by full relaxation or change of occupation. The man in the story who hired out to the farmer never got tired never got hungry. But the first day, long before the noon hour, he was seen sitting upon the plow in the shade of a tree eating a slice of bread and butter. He rested before getting tired, ate before he was hungry. While I have not followed his example, I cannot remember when I was tired, although I am never idle and not infrequently average seventeen hours' work a day.—Edward B. Warman in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Many Blind Russians.

Statistics which have just been compiled show that of the 302,000 totally blind persons in Europe 192,000 are natives of Russia, and this means that out of every 500 subjects of the Czar there is one who is deprived of sight. In no other country do we find this terrible affliction by any means so widespread. In Germany, France, Great Britain, Italy, and Spain there is only one blind person in every 1,000 inhabitants. Russian oculists and physicians say that the reason why so many of their countrymen are blind and so many others have defective eyesight is because insufficient attention is paid throughout the country to the ordinary laws of hygiene, and they maintain that Russians will continue to suffer in this way as long as they keep themselves and their homes in unhealthy condition.

Big Returns.

Papers received by the last Australian mail gives particulars of the final work of winding up a syndicate whose profits are probably the largest on record. In June, 1893, ten Adelaide men subscribed \$75 each to form the Coolgardie Prospecting Syndicate, which sent mining prospectors to West Australia. Several rich properties, including the Great Boulder, the Associated Gold Mines, the Ivanhoe and the Lake View were discovered. For these the syndicate received in cash \$7,500,000, and a number of shares which, if capitalized at present, would realize about \$45,000,000.

OSIAS BARNAY

This story is true of New York and Hungary. Only the names are changed.

When Osias Barnay became the husband of Sarah Klingman all their acquaintances on the east side said it could not lead to happiness. She was nearly twice his age, and he, scarcely more than a boy, was too handsome and impulsive, they said, to be proof against the temptations of the life he had been leading.

But then, he had been virtually on the brink of starvation, and what though the Widow Klingman had a daughter nearly eleven years old—no man have clutched at a straw on slighter provocation; and nobody could say that Mrs. Klingman was not good-looking, and her worst enemies had to concede that she was rich.

Esther, the daughter, disliked her stepfather, or, rather, she despised him. It was plain to her that he had married for money; and never once in five years did she address a word to him beyond what ordinary civility required.

One day Barnay received a letter from his mother calling him home. It was now six years since he had left Budapest, Hungary, by the stern decree of his father, who had grown tired of paying debts and squaring scrapes for him. But now the father was dead, and the heart of the mother yearned for her boy again.

Osias had never gone into details to his wife concerning his antecedents. When she saw the palace his mother dwelt in, and saw the host of servants bowing and scraping in greeting to their long-absent young master, she felt like the bride of the story who had married a pauper and discovered, just as she was getting ready for a life of drudgery, that he was a prince. Esther, too, was overwhelmed with surprise, and began to regard her stepfather in a much more favorable light. Again two years elapsed, when who should loom up in New York but Osias Barnay. He was haggard and pale, and seemed to be laboring under some great worry.

One day shortly after his arrival he said to his friend, Andrew Munder, a lawyer:

"I need your help. Can I rely upon you?"

"To the drop of the flag. Just tell me how I can be of service."

"I want a divorce. I must have it."

Munder was thunderstruck.

"Why, your wife is in Hungary with your mother. You never mentioned any wrongdoing. Has your wife deceived you?"

"No, a thousand times no! My wife is the best, the kindest and the noblest of women."

Before he left the office Barnay told Munder this story:

"My wife's daughter, Esther—you remember how gawky and ungainly she was, and how she hated me—well, she is now eighteen, and accounted one of the most beautiful young ladies in Budapest."

"When she saw my mother's house, and recognized that I was, after all, not a 'beggar's boy,' she became more respectful, and in time we got to be quite chummy."

"One night about a month ago, when we returned home from a concert, the carriage collided with a wagon and was wrecked. I was the only one injured. Not very seriously, but enough to keep me in bed for two weeks. During that time Esther was almost constantly at my side. Her presence made me happy. I had a vague, undefined yearning for her when she was away."

"Once, when my bruises gave me intense pain and I moaned, Esther bent over me and, clasping her arms about me, exclaimed: 'Oh, if I could only suffer instead of you! I love you so!'"

"And then I knew that I loved her, too; loved her with a boundless love that consumed me, tormented me. To check it was too late. The only salvation lay in flight, and flee I did as soon as my wounds permitted me. And that's what brought me here."

Some weeks after this interview the war with Spain broke out, and Barnay was one of the first to respond to the call for volunteers. He enlisted in the Forty-seventh regiment, and served with such distinction that he was promoted from the ranks to a Lieutenant on the field of battle.

At the conclusion of the war he returned to New York. His wife and Esther had also come from Hungary to look for him, alarmed by his long silence. But although he knew they were here he did not go near them. His heart was still in a turmoil, and he felt that his love was too mad to be trusted.

And so he pined away, each day's agony leaving him less and less strength to battle with his passion, until at length he was worn away to a mere shadow.

One day he did not appear at breakfast. And when his landlady, after waiting an hour, went to see what was the matter she smelled gas coming from his room.

When they forced the door they found him dead. The gas burner was turned on and the cracks in the door and window calked with paper.

"Over his heart, in his clasped hands, was the picture of a beautiful girl—Irving R. Bacon."

Czar's Military Household.

The military household of the Czar is composed of ninety-eight officers of various ranks, eighty-two of whom belong to the army and fifteen to the navy. Nineteen members of the royal family are included in the list.

In the Hands of Friends.

The farmer had just arrived in town. "What," he asked of his new-found friend, "is a bunco-steerer, anyway? I have seen a great deal about them in the papers."

"Of course," replied his friend, "you know what a bunco is?"

"Certainly," replied the farmer.

"Well, a bunco-steerer is merely a man who steers another man to his bunk when he is unable to find it himself. He is a guide, a philosopher, and a friend. And now that question disposed of, I would like to show you where you are sure of getting not less than \$50 for \$1 if you follow my advice in the matter."—Chicago Evening Post.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

STATION, CORNER 6TH AND B

7:45 A. M. Week-days PITTSBURG EXPRESS—Parlor and Dining Cars Harrisburg to Pittsburgh.

10:30 A. M. PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED—Pullman Sleeping, Dining, Smoking and Observation Cars Harrisburg to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cleveland and Toledo. Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg.

10:50 A. M. EAST LINE—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg.

3:30 P. M. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS EXPRESS—Sleeping Car Washington to St. Louis, and Sleeping and Dining Cars Harrisburg to Indianapolis, St. Louis, Nashville (via Cincinnati and Louisville), and Chicago.

7:45 P. M. WESTERN EXPRESS—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburgh and Chicago, Dining Car to Chicago.

7:45 P. M. CLEVELAND AND CINCINNATI EXPRESS—Pullman Sleeping Car Washington to Pittsburgh, and Harrisburg to Cleveland and Cincinnati. Dining Car.

10:40 P. M. PACIFIC EXPRESS—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburgh.

11:55 A. M. for Kane, Canandaigua, Rochester, and Niagara Falls daily, except Sunday.

10:50 A. M. for Elmira and Renovo daily, except Sunday. For Williamsport daily 8:30 P. M.

7:45 P. M. daily for Williamsport and Buffalo (via Emporium, etc.) and W. M. Y. & P. R. Y. (via Erie, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily, except Saturday, with Sleeping Car Washington to Rochester.

10:40 P. M. For Erie, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily. Pullman Sleeping Car Washington to Rochester Saturdays only.

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For Boston, without change, 7:45 A. M., week days, and 4:50 P. M. daily.

For Baltimore, 6:20, 7:00, 7:30, 8:15, 9:00, 10:00, 10:50, 11:00, A. M. 12:15, 12:45, 1:15, 2:00, 3:15, 3:30, 4:00, Limited, 4:30, 4:50, 5:00, 5:30, 6:15, 6:50, 7:45, 10:00, 10:30, and 11:50 P. M. On Sunday, 7:00, 7:30, 8:15, 9:00, 9:50, 10:50, 11:00, A. M. 12:15, 1:15, 2:00, 3:15, 3:30, 4:00, Limited, 4:30, 4:50, 5:00, 5:30, 6:15, 6:50, 7:45, 10:00, 10:30, and 11:50 P. M.

For Cape May, 11:00 A. M., week days, 11:50 P. M. daily.

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